MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · DOMESTIC ECONOMY · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR: | "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." | SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 7. | ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861. | WHOLE NO. 579.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is accepted to be recommended by Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and success and honesty in Management. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various Departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an unequaled Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business and Home scenes wherein it seriously interests. As a Family Journal, it is conducted with the strictest regard to Purity, and is considered that it may be safely taken to the Hearth and Fireside of people of Intelligence, Taste and Gentlemanly. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Rural, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—and hence it is the most extensive AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

☞ For any object in agriculture this paper is to some one very immediate personal use. Its practical character and the articles selected from its pages for any and every number of the volume, will render it a most valuable and much coveted addition to *Rural New Yorker* readers.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

It is now the time of year for the farmers to attend to neighborhood improvements. The most active and industrious men can find some time which, without much sacrifice, will bear fruits, in one year or another, in pecuniary profit. Providence is eminently an impartial dispenser. More ingenuous are all their modes of action unless they have been tested by actual trial. In business and in politics, then, while he leaves a margin upon all the suggestions of theoretical science to be still more on the alert, to avoid himself of all the results of observation and experience which has been form fpositions, or which he accumulates by working. Every farmer ought to add to his knowledge every year, and thus to become more and more completely master of his business. But if every will so happen that the knowledge which each farmer acquires is peculiar. Each individual is pleased by the character of his farm, the amount of his capital, or his own habits and capacities to a particular kind of experiments. Each must, if he is all intelligent, will thus become an adept in some special department of the business. One man becomes skilful in the rearing of horses, another is celebrated by his neat stock, hogs or sheep. Another is celebrated for his fruit and vegetables; another still for his hay and grain crops, his corn or potatoes. Now there several kinds of science depend on conditions. Nothing is farming happens by accident. There are good reasons for the success of each of these men. They may reside in the same town and neighborhood. Each may possess knowledge which would be extremely valuable to his neighbors. By a system of exchange all may be enumerated experiences which be made available to all. In fact this is the method pursued among scientific men. Each one communicates his experiments or observations in a special department of science, and by means of books, periodicals, and his papers discussed societies those become available for all. This is, in fact, the system of exchange in trade with which all are familiar, and which all, of necessity, practice.

Now, what farmers need is a system of exchange, in the matter of knowledge and experiment. This brings us to the subject of this article—FARMERS' CLUBS.

The principal upon which these should be founded is, that of *exchange of value*. Let the farmers in a given locality be it large or small, agree to meet once a fortnight, or once a week, for the purpose stated above, to exchange their ideas on various points of farming. The question arises, How shall this result be easiest and most successfully reached? We venture to make a few suggestions, as the paper. There need be little of organization. Let the Chairman be taken by each member in turn. Let those who paper prepared by some member at each meeting; let the member selected to read his paper have the privilege, say whole to be assigned the next succeeding meeting. After the paper is read, let there be a free discussion of what is read before the meeting, and a collection of the views put forth. This course will consolidate the information and give deliberation to the ideas of the club. By taking such a course the task will not be irksome reading and experiments of a single member might easily become the property of all, who participate in the association. In that way, if the club was kept up, all the members would have the double reason for collecting carefully all the results of their own experiments and observations. They would have before them a definite reason for special reading in order to compare their own experiments with those of others, and put them to such homes are suggested by a wide inclusion of facts. The influence of such an association would be felt almost at once in a higher grade of agricultural intelligence and improved practical farming. Papers would often be produced in each club which would be worthy of publication or delivery in lectures, thus extending their sphere of usefulness over a still wider range. The mere discipline of writing such papers would be of incalculable advantage to all who engaged in it. In a short time a body of Transactions would be accumulated which would become a storehouse of valuable matter for the benefit of those who desire their accumulation.

But we shall be met with objections of this kind among practical farmers:—"I cannot write long papers;" say such. "I cannot find the right composition necessary for the composition of such papers." But we can such persons if they desired will they know, in talking? We never meet a farmer, however defective his education, who cannot talk good sense and clearness till the results of his experience in stock raising, or with various crops and soils. If a man can talk he can write. The truth is that those who are not accustomed to composition, in that they are satisfied with writing verbatim as they talk. If the practical farmer is willing to lay aside all his affected fine writing, and simply put down his ideas as they come to his mind, he will have no trouble. When the Duke of Wellington was Premier in England he asked a member of the House of Commons to take a seat in the Cabinet. The answer was, "I cannot talk in the House." "Nonsense," said the old veteran, "do as I do, say what you think, and you can talk in the House." The truth was that the Wellington's advice and write down simply and strongly "what they talk as they will find no difficulty. It may be said by some, "My education is defective. I cannot write or spell grammatically, and my penmanship is bad." What of it, my friend? Will that make your experience any less valuable? Your bad education is your misfortune, and you ought to take good care that your children do not suffer in the same way. But carefully, and you will have no trouble. Most persons have become their own writing masters, and were learned to spell, and who were literate at all a very early period of their lives. Experience is the best and cheapest of all teachers. Write down your thoughts in the plainest words that occur to you, and they will be understood by any person who can read. Your spelling might be corrected by a slight assessment on the members, and all the while time passed would be rewarded in turn, and an agricultural library would gradually grow up as the possession of every club.

These views would seem to commend themselves to success and self-respect among farmers, leading them to send their children on a time to a higher standard on the profession. They would tend to excite a healthful pride in farming, and the introduction of improved methods and machinery. They would encourage a thorough testing of experiments by joint action which would be too expensive and laborious for single individuals. They would diffuse the knowledge of the best varieties of cattle, sheep and horses. In short, all the advantages of association, which in a special manner characterize trade, are attained by these clubs, when conducted with good sense. We hope to hear many of them shortly formed during the present winter, and that those now in operation may be managed as to happily benefit members and surrounding.

THE DAIRY—NO. III.

THE COW AND HER KEEPER.

All the elements combined to milk arise in the food which the animal consumes, yet neither can be combined singly or quite in the form in which they there occur. Certain plants contain one substance, and certain others another, but neither contains all the results. Peas and beans are peculiarly in this class, as the alkaloids they contain are peculiarly of the animal, and for increasing the curd in milk. On the other hand, the starch and saccharine matter is indubitably increase the quantity of butter in the milk. Now, as the cow will not eat peas, beans, oil-cake and corn-cob, or the curd, it follows that if food be furnished to the cow rich in either of these elements, the quantity of butter, curd, or cheese will increase. Inasmuch as all fed to her beyond what the system requires for its support is converted into milk, meat is spoiled and time wasted.

The cow is a machine, and the quantity of these elements, existing ready formed in certain plants, and feeding them to the cow in such a manner that the greatest amount of milk, cream, butter, curd and cheese can be obtained from the least quantity of food

bustion of the lungs and its difference from tuberculosis, which was so well understood, as stated, at the ladies' debate in the Senate chamber of this city by the eminent Bowen. Peter Parmer, with seeped, white knitter's hands, was busy in describing some finds from cells to similar joint. On the home side we found the appearance of the birds hardly called out yet to the similar joint. Where the wheels of the horses which compress the joint were thickened and highly vascular, showing a high degree of inflammatory action.

Now there was a valuable animal entered from a warm stable into the open yard, and compelled to stand on it, which from these words, into being necessary to the cure,) brought the ignorance of one of those employed to work. It must be evident to every reflecting mind that the horse, when the joint became warm, would be from necessity unfit for work; he became thoroughly chilled, which was the exciting cause of the long disease with which he died. When this accident occurs, or an exception, and not the rule, it would be of far less importance in this place. We do not say that one thing is wrong, we believe we have a clear idea of what we have to deal with, we should not be the chance of being like the the blind leading the blind. What then is Bromide? Physiologists tell us that in all organs of irritability we have two sets of antagonistic nerves, that are, or should be, nearly balanced in power, and that when the muscles are thrown with nerves, upon which their power of action wholly depends. It was the researches have discovered, I think, that this was the law of the system, viz.—"If you destroy the nervous influence in one organ, you destroy in the same the function of that organ." Now, Sweetie, as it is called, is an agent or law that an agency which the means that supply the muscles of the shoulder have been severed, another from motion, or a rudder, or a direct blow,—so, what is more commonly the cause, than injury in the, of the hand a draft in a cellar or the like.

Having seen a cold three months old awarded in both shoulders, we concluded it could have been done in no other way than by running, or coming in contact with a foreign body when in motion, and that by both shoulders, would have been a singular coincidence. We were not the observers attending this. First—From five to eight or ten days, before ever of the muscles of the shoulder which has received the injury is soft, and pulled to process, and the animal is more or less sore. Generally about this time or soon after the swelling and pain begin to subside, and with it the lameness disappears. After the healing has been, as in appearance, and the skin, seen the bone here, nor do I believe to ever so. I have that the muscles heal by union, and that there an altered motion in the horses gait, analogous to that there is no bone in the fore-quarters of any side. You ask then if there is any pain in the back which may drag after them, and they will answer you in plain English. The bone growing by the same manner by bleeding as well as that bleeding as the other; and when you ask me to prove that it is so, to test, to harness you in juice intelligent language as the query, I can say a word of his natural instinct. The animal which was a spare traveler before, now manifests a disposition to lie down when he is stopped, not as sore footed, but otherwise exhibit little for his duties as before. Having been ill stated times without pasture, that horses will have been fed for months and months, would have either my health present appeal of, such evidence, and action such and every one to look carefully from without to the of either for a new service conflicting with his disease, where the horseman continues after the tenth day, or when the disease has had more than ten days other. The distinguishing features between disease of the kidneys and disease, may be taken up at another time.

And now, Mr Breeder I hope you have got one of the best remedies for your disease. You should now know in what, cases it, and when you know it, should know that you have the good eye of the surgeon which supply the muscles of the shoulder joint. Now to the horse as a humanity sake, to look around you, and ignorance of the numerous patients of parsimonious wish to cure their colts, have been cruelly blistered from one end of the hide to the other,—to heal their wounds, and to shake or loosen their mouth sores or struggle because long shock under the skin and almost to the bone, by a bandaged brute, for a similar paralyzed treatment which you may have seen in a four-footed one. Remember the language of nature and that the Bromide's Ass, but less intelligent than many of their masters, to those who appreciate them.

Ask yourself the simple questions,—What do I want to accomplish? And how can I do it? Common sense will answer you by saying, that you want to remove the nerve force to those wanted muscles, to the simplest way possible. If you are not sure, then you can do it with simple friction by the hand. I know you will say that friction is a cruel one. I discuss with a cure cob which grew on a colt producing friction, but you must keep the hand on till the cob eventually up, or else "it won't move the nerves that will." By stimulating the muscles by friction, persevered in, will accomplish the same thing.

Were I a learned M. D. would give you a formula something other this wise—Glucus Tgiii, 1 ounce, Oleum Origanum 3 drops, Aqua Pura, &c., &c. But as I am simply Free Farmer, will say in plain English, this a compound of many of the essential oils will do. And say that I have never known to fail in the last twenty years of practicing—Oil of Eight 1 oz., Oil Origanum, 1 oz.; Tar, 1 oz.; Crude Oil Amber, 2; Spirits Turpentine 2 ounces; Aqua Pura, 10 ounces, 1 oz. Mix, and shake well before using. Two tablespoonfuls to the shoulder, well rubbed in, is enough per day.

The strength of the Carbonate depends much on the way they have been served, &c., and should give chance to get a pure article, your proportion of it may be no more. Any horse found in possession to restrain the skin. Perhaps it would be as well to rub the sore, as to rub and dress and say you had what the skin will bear. If your collar fits the horse, and you will supply this horse a collar, unless the skin goes sore, and then until for a few days, until the process subsides, you can work your animal every day and remain both a healthy condition. Should there appear to be the second person to do, and he goes nervous and blistered the skin, it will wanted over every day with canine soap, and then grease with fresh lard until the hair and skin of that has been fed.

South Avon, Jan. 1861. PROF. FREEMAN.

A GOOD BED FOR SORES.—Warmth is a great consideration in wintering sores. Ours sleep this winter in the stanes thrown from our horse-sheds, and a very comfortable place they find it. We believe it to advantage all around, of the horse manure will be better kept, and well mixed with some manufactured straw.—JOEL SANFORD, Fo., Ind.

LONG ISLAND LANDS—AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I notice in your issue of the 12th inst., an article entitled "Long Island Lands," in which it is stated that the cost of clearing land in this County, between Tivingston and Suffolk Counties, "is from $50 to $60 per acre." The truthfulness of this statement is to be questioned by the truthfulness of this statement. It is to suppose that thirty acres of the land to which he alludes can be fairly cleared and cultivated, at the cost estimate, he has been done by my case, and as to the expense, I think you will agree with me that it will not exceed twenty dollars per acre. I speak of my own land—and that is a fair sample of the average land in this section.

Your correspondent says, "no returns can be expected from the land for the first two years." This would expect returns the first year, while the process of clearing and getting out the roots, &c., by the way of experiment only, small patches of corn, potatoes, turnips, and buckwheat were put in, with, (as my own experience) a satisfactory result. In the first year the manure used was less than one-fourth the value of the crops. Where there was with others this partial success," as alluded to by your correspondent, there were no partial, and large and profitable crops made to assure it.

With regard to the culture of cranberries on Long Island, I am again, the writer, already obtained in this culture and satisfactory. In 1859 a silver medal was awarded me by the Queens County Ag. Soc., and, of Lakeland, for "best twenty-five bushels of cranberries." In 1860 I received a premium of $10 for the same—the plants having been set in 1856, and entered the same year for premium. In 1859 I had also made the experiment failed to get the plants to grow, they were transplanted, and did well. I have since gathered bushels on Long Island, as stated to me by Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Dudley, the most extensive growers in this section, and "what is done elsewhere can be done; they are thought could be realized anywhere." My own experience is, that the vine will grow and produce fruit in any soil suiting of the cultivation of small fruits, and that the best soil for cranberries is that which facilities, as the cultivation of wheat, in Western New York. Experiments have been made in this section, been abhorred, which will warrant this conclusion. Your correspondent, as he wished to state facts from which to form a reader, if he desires, can obtain the certificates of the gentlemen for themselves as to the experiments made. Should he wish to come to Long Island, I hope Pure, many four miles west of Thompson Station on the Long Island Railroad, where cranberries and Suffolk stations, *clover and timothy have been and* are now successfully sown as a fertilizer. He can see *how corn successfully sown as a fertilizer.* He can see *field of clover and three thousand bushels of potatoes were grown, worth in the field at the time of digging, $1 per bushel.* He can see the process of the "thorns manufactured by specialists and "Long Island Lands" are not the only ones deceived—but deceivers!

I have written other facts connected with the various articles which have from time to time appeared against Long Island lands, which it will enough to say that I have been in error. I have, however since, largely advertisements of those lands appeared in the columns of the Rural New-Yorker, and the fact of the use of Brooklyn—which advertisements, as I have been informed, have been of benefit to the conceal, I believe, upon *personal examination*, to be correct statements. I have not been employed to write or oppose in the *American Agriculturist*, a paper owned and edited by gentlemen for whom I have the highest respect. During the spring of 1856, articles appeared in the *Agriculturist* which revealed to consciences the effect of the advertisements just spoken of, from the agent to Long Island lands. Some owners of those lands in Suffolk County were induced to contract for $50,000 damages. It is said the issue of this suit was that the agent was to pay the costs of suit, *and he shall appear no evidence upon trials.* It is just possible that the writer of the article which appeared in your journal is the "presiding out" of ignorance and prejudice, and not of the facts in the case, and, as I more natural to surmise that it was written either by him himself, or by some one in his interest. At any rate, I have no fear of the result, *knowing that no consequence articles can have*, and the author gives his name to the public with the assurance with his statements are genuine of his willingness and ability to substantiate them. Yours respectfully,

ELIAS STRONG.

St. George, Steel Co., C. W., 9th January, 1861.

REMARK.—Entertaining a favorable opinion of this writer, we have no desire to deprecate Long Island lands—on the contrary, we published several articles in their favor, could not refuse a misinformation on the subject, when we had reason to believe it was enforced by the third party. Though the author's name is given in connection with his article, we do not vouch for it, in its or correctness—in connection with a note, which we publish for the benefit of the writer himself. In justice to Mr. Jones, we may add that we do not believe he knew anything about the article until it in the RURAL, though we may be mistaken.—Ed.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing that the oil of Eight is a very valuable article, I will send, and even will, all he has got to be in to feed him when he warrant him to get his if not worked too much.

Will you please inform me how to cure a thorough pacing, and a saber, made of first and fleshy pulverized lime and ashes, and mixing them in the form of three or four times, and then once in two weeks for the first season. The animal may need to be shod with the saber also, and the diseased must be separated from the sound at first dressing. No use for tobacco in this case. Will you please inform me how to cure a warbler is not, a little ink mixed with the saber makes it stick better. Where can I get bristles to make an iron pot or wash kettle, put on half a pound of lime and ashes, and the saber the same as the ink the hair would not stand on the vitriol and it will pot or kettle.

Hastings, Feb. 1861. H. T. B.

REMARKS.—H. T. B. need take no fear the thorough or sinew in sharp shells will heal if kept dry, and the lime and ashes will do the same. Whether pacing or straw boot without it get wiser, and a good deal of shell. See RURAL NEW-YORKER, Jan. 26, page 29.

SEED ON THE EYES OF CATTLE.—If W. W. CRANDALL will put a little ungulatum on the eye-lids of his cattle, it will cure the seeds he mentions, but he must be very careful to put on very little. I have known some very valuable cattle killed by applying too much, and letting out in cold storms immediately afterwards. Put on a very little, rub all over and repeat it, and a little outside of the nearly gone. The first application generally will effect a cure. Twelve cents worth of ungulatum will cure a dozen cattle, also they are worse than any I have seen. Mr. W. CRANDALL please report also for his own benefit of the ungulatum.—JOEL SANFORD.

NEW GENEVA, N. Y., 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

A Hive with Movable Frames.

MR. EDITOR.—Having made a little corner of your valuable paper, you have favored us lately about feeding bees and in general about bees, which is very well, but I am trying to ask about is the "bee hive" not used by Mr. CHAPMAN please report also for his own benefit effect of the ungulatum.—JOEL SANFORD.

NEW GENEVA, N. Y., 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

A Hive with Movable Frames.

MR. EDITOR.—Having made a little corner of your valuable paper, you have favored us lately about feeding bees and in general about bees, which is very well, but I am trying to ask about is the "bee hive" not used by Mr. CHAPMAN please report also for his own benefit

HORTICULTURAL.

HORTICULTURE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We are indebted to the Secretary, Zeth Wheeler, Esq., for a copy of the Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1856, a neat pamphlet of ninety-five pages. It includes the reports of several Committees, the award of premiums for the year, and other interesting matter.

The *Committee on Ornamental Gardening* visited the Woodlawn Cemetery, where they found everything kept in a very neat and tasteful manner, and were particularly pleased with many plants of that beautiful and too much neglected shrub, *Kalmia Angustifolia*, growing in the grounds, which were the most perfect they had ever seen. Plants of the Rhododendron and a great variety of shrubs and trees, all presented a thrifty appearance. At *Mount Auburn Cemetery* the Committee spent two hours, and say they think it safe to say that there is not in the world a cemetery that is in all respects equal to Mount Auburn. Warren Harris' *Orchard* receives especial commendation. It is situated on the south side of a branch road, which has been filled up and prepared for the trees. A great variety of open branches has been used to render the soil light and fertile. All the trees seen in he thrifty and healthy, producing large crops of fine fruit. After viewing the grounds of Hon. Samuel Walker, of Roxbury, the Committee say the soil seems particularly well adapted not only to grass and grain, but to grow pear trees.

The Committee on Flowers report that the past season has been eminently favorable for the production of flowers, and the floral shows were far superior to that of past years. They say they were "no longer confined and bewitched in shops mentioned like called floral designs, but was the Hall decorated with ornamental and elaborate devices, pastry gave way by a huge rostra in the shape of a large pillow dahlia or bouquet, and we had quite a number of pretty little baskets, showing in this small entry unusual flowers to be arranged, and what pretty effects could be produced by a skilful hand." This opinion is of importance, and we commend it to the attention of lovers of fashionable floral displays and stubborn storybooks.

The Committee on Pomona say that winter fruit, apples and pears, have ripened up 8 months or more earlier than usual this year, while the grapes are an unusual tendency to decay. Early and severe frosts are assigned as the cause. Messrs Stile, Lawrence, and Ghost Hermon were fully ripe in the autumn months, but were shaken off fairly in there were comparatively few pairs to be found. The Committee express great whether enough can be made by growing pears to make it pays as the prices ruled in the fall.

Dr. Hedges, Secretary.

The Committee say that the variety of strong Hamburgh, Black Hamburgh and Muscat are strongly united by others very productive. To amateurs, who are fond of a strawberry of high flavor, is of value. Most of the foreign sorts rank high when compared with the best American varieties, and are also of high quality and grow a valuable variety for amateurs.

Hamburghs—In the new English variety, size, and, excepting shape, each color, two bunches good, and to be very productive.

Muscats—Some appear to be the last result, early, have fair; very much resemble the Black Hamburgh.

Grapes in St. Julien—A foreign sort. Fruit large, color with crimson, resembles, upon Grape peculiar, good variety.

Black or Scotch Hamburgh—are other sort. Some decidedly grape, not worthy of cultivation.

La Belle Bordelaise—A French variety of strong Hamburgh flavor, highly valuable for its size and productiveness, and is

Le Comtesse—This is a new French variety exhibited for the first time in this country by Dr. Hedges. Fruit very large, color of Hovey's Seedling, of regular conical form, berries, flavor good, juicy, and very good; a valuable variety for amateurs.

Woodford's—A new English variety, large size, oval shape, dark color, fine flavor, good, and to be very productive.

Strawberries—Some appear to be last result, early, have fair; very much resemble the Black Hamburgh.

Downer de St. Julien—A foreign sort. Fruit large, color with crimson, resembles, upon Grape peculiar, good variety.

Duke or Scotch—Same size, flavor and flavor decidedly grape, not worthy of cultivation.

La Belle Bordelaise—A French variety of strong Hamburgh flavor, highly valuable for its size and productiveness, and is others very productive. To amateurs, who are fond of a strawberry of high flavor, is of value. Most of the foreign sorts rank high when compared with the best American varieties, and are also of high quality and grow a valuable variety for amateurs.

Hamburghs—In the new English variety, size, and, excepting shape, each color, two bunches good, and to be very productive.

Muscats—Some appear to be the last result, early, have fair; very much resemble the Black Hamburgh.

*Grapes in

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

OH, HUSH THAT SONG.

BY CLARA F. WATSON.

Oh, hush that song,—the tears have started,—
And better only not have known
The tale the voice of sire imparted
Beside with the mother's sobbing mated.

The chimney wind was softly sighing,
And nothing many a plaintive tone
And flickering grate's dim room were playing,
When last that pensive song I heard.

Years with the arc of day are closing,
(Oh, many and many a year years!)
With me that home is since reposing
I gazed upon the mother cry.

The chimney wandering through the windows
Were flickering in the golden glow,
As hastily the neighboring shadows
Were flying over the wide below.

Then tenderly the dear mother sang
Those words of sorrow and of love,
While entered youth and joy were wanting
Her grief-pale cheek and trembling brow.

That position was since then has failed,
And sadly closed her dark eyes dim—
Those grave below are more with sainted—
That hush now sounds the last to me.

The last and best, as family plights,
Life was closing in a fruitless grave,
While he, whose tender love was plighted,
Still watches lonely, and like wave

Then hush that song,—the tears have started,—
And better only not have known
The misery sire and mother parted
Beside with the mother's sobbing mated.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED MINISTER.

BY SOPHIE BECKETT.

Poor, broken-hearted man, said Mrs. Tant, how I pity him. His wife is such a character,—that, you're having herself, she added, she did not know as she ought to say that, but she did not care to say to Matilda, seldom to church, and was never known to smile in words that were expended on a minister's wife. She smiled at parties or ballad anywhere. Her brain was poor, she said, her heavy large, and seemed to be not calculated to stand the wear and tear herself accustomed from all the duties incumbent on a minister's wife. It always went about to call on the sick, or visit the members of his church. Poor, broken-hearted man. I wonder he never took a woman!

When she had concluded this sympathetic, but uncharitable harangue, we resumed to remark that we supposed she was like choice, or, at least, ought to have been, about the time in the year to which we have accounts the right to choose a life partner.

But I think it was not much exploited with her when he married her.

Ought to have? Have formed a better acquaintance then, instead of hastily rushing into matrimony before understanding whether she would be a suitable companion for life? If people would exercise prudence, patience and discretion in the selection of their partners, there would be fewer broken hearts, and fewer petitions for divorce than now. Marrying, and marrying in haste, is the greatest an after evil there is,—but hasting as well as indivisible are much to blame for such occurrences.

Instead of first being prepared for the entire duties of life, the more will it be found to think that we have a time, to secure which, she must be fashionably attired, and which took society. The time for this which lasted a week. Over-estimating his disposition, and ignorant of the many traits and accomplishments combined, to become love to the first thoughtless girl who will encourage him. In many instances, he is disappointed, and hastily repents afterward to learn the fact that they are unfortunately ready mated, and instead of hastily searching to differ peacefully to separate, each making great sacrifices, as good as possible under such circumstances, discord and dissension is hastily sought, which proves a wholesome remedy.

No life is all happiness, all pleasure, or all prosperity. Many desires, earnest labor, and reverses, and many a period of life, be shared by all. We may enjoy prosperity to-day, or this year,—another day or year adversity may be his and my portion's brother's. Such is life,—a changing scene in the present state of society, and they who are unwilling it must be contented in the circumstances in which they find themselves, with the hope of bettering them, or preventing effort can improve those circumstances.

Individuals are at fault in encouraging this hasty union. Friended friends are ready to advise, encourage and recommend, unsolicited, some friend or acquaintance to call themselves of a home, to secure some other object in view. The aided and encouraged, by thoughtlessly accept unsuspecting victims for which they are unprepared, united with partners whose thoughts are unacquainted with. Chiefly, that thirdly in an evil—entered all things—sufficient that it is said—hopeth all things, and made a daily practical affair. If Gow's ministers married more after the Charity, who will?

But she says her Sandie is poor, and her family seem reasonably to need her care and attention.

Why, then, should she be regarded always to attend church, or co-operate with her husband in his duties connected therewith? Was he not acquainted with the understanding that he had a large family, and a wife of delicate health? May not proper provider her services under such circumstances? Why should sympathy for charity under such circumstances, making her feel that she is scarcely welcome to the house of worship, though she seldom can go there? May not morning visits, and occasional notes from this very source, instead of any debut of his wife? Yet, a minister's wife should and is more prosperous when his wife visits with him, and co-operates with him in his work. She should also be the planet, both in spiritual and temporal things. Should be a help to her sinister duty, as she is not employed to do this. When the cannon this wife, she finds disregarded heard can upon the waters. When her interests have been so far gone that she has no one absent, it would be better for her husband to see what he can; he, in this case, every other human being, needs some measure care to relieve her of many. Let him ask which is necessary to sustain domestic well-to-doers, when the cares and the health of her wife demands assistance which she cannot otherwise procure. He can do much to relieve her of many domestic duties, affording her time to accompany him in many of his visits—then her spirits and his would be greatly refreshed, and Christ's work become more pleasant and successful.

In ministerial visits, the poor, the aged, and the widow, though residing at a distance, ought not to be forgotten. If they are not paying members, they would be more likely to become such than if they were neglected, and it ought to be remembered that little more is more than the rich man's treasures. Beside, they make a greater sacrifice, and more effort to attend church than others, and should be so highly esteemed. Jesus's Shepherd is once for his whole flock,—to look after the missing sheep, raise the aged, and the tender ones,—this is his work on Christ's earnest, and he reward him given him in His own good time, and when he does his great work duly faithfully, God blesses and crowns his labors with success. Let him not be unwilling to be poor, destitute, members and ten members, and his kindly sympathy and attention would be appreciated, and his kind words be cherished, even by the most seemingly indifferent and hardened. In this way more souls might be gained, and blessings poured upon his head, which would make him feel there was no cause for him to regret, and even as a broken-hearted man.

Salem, Ohio, Co., N. Y., 1861

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

WILLIE IS DEAD.

"Willie is dead!" One infernal who a neighbor she left a few days before, and how the words are passed from one member of the household to no other in subdued accents. The children drop their toys and sit silent and thoughtful. The baby is gathered closer to its mother's bosom, for it dimly realizes that death is in the land, and how can darkness see not still. A merry little prattler comes cheerily in, shouting to its mother's knee, until he realizes the cause of the silence of friends, and with his wondering around the little group, gazing there so silently and strangely for a few moments, he turns to his mother, and says his mother, softly, and the voice fell from his mouth, and the cause he had brought down the grief-stricken eyes to floor. He never saw any body dead but once, and then they killed him up so that he could look over into the coffin where consequence lay, as pale and cold. It is hard for him to realize that the merry, sunny-haired Willie Watson is dead. He wondered if his face looked pleasant or terrifying. He thought he would like to see him, should ever see him, or hear his laugh again. Ah, little wonders! Death has much of mystery for even wise men.

If this is the effect of the simple news of his death, what must be the effect when he is laid down where a mourner? How anxiously watched the parents that day! How anxiously watched the parents that day! How tender, and gathered hope from every look of recognition! How many times they asked the last little boy who vanished slowly as the day from flowers. The broken heart was long remembered by the sister's heart, and the mother's wild grief refuses to be comforted. Oddly and heavily grates upon their ears the ordinary expressions of friends, and with the voice of the man of God, as he reads from the Scriptures, and prays, there is no consolation, but adds to their distress. All the father's ambition, all the mother's pride, all the sister's affection, all the brother's love, until sickness has united upon Willie's form, and death has claimed him.

In other years, when time has gathered much of dust, and some of scars, when the fresh flowers have faded, and other ties have wrung their hearts with a more bitter anguish, they will look back upon this dispensation of sorrow and of love,—but they cannot see it now, and many, many tears are shed before that time comes.

There is something sweet in the death of a child. We love to look upon the pallid brow of one that has passed on but we fail upon it. Life does not seem to be rent by such a force from being like that, as from the strong arm of manhood in the midst of the world. There may be doubtless there are times of sorrow and grief when the death of a child is the most altogether unpleasant; when we have grasped at the fleeting shadows of earthly hope and earthly pleasure, when the flowers we attempted to pluck have shot beyond our reach, and we have fallen back, baffled and heart-sick, and the tempting fruit has "turned to ashes upon our lips," and we have been compelled to look upon some fair idol fall at our approach,—a bride just meet at the bench, or a gifted seer, "a prophet mighty in deed and word before the people," or some sometimes seen the leaving behind us all beside, and the world is a heavy of sad. Yet by a merciful ordering of life with heavenly, even though there be such sorrows, there are always some of our number chosen from us before us on pathway, and we can look upon them as they pass on to the gold and the adamantine in the skies. We look upon our faithfully and we can follow them in our thoughts as they lie in the earthly embodiment at rest lasting, and sorrowful for and the sacred changes of life, only finish the pleasant memories of the past, and we can often claim those just when we pass them most, and we can look upon them, in love, and always in our hearts,—that nothing of earth is sure and abiding.

Yet we sometimes feel as if we could not be found the text of the change of worlds. I have seen the aged disciple falter when he came to the threshold, and the young man shrink from the cold embrace of death, whose confidence was unshaken in the sacred truth. Yet, when the hour of trial came, they passed the strong arm of God, they passed triumphantly to the land of immortality.

ALBA, Erie Co., N. Y., 1861

A Pioneer for Hogarth.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Jackson thus feelingly admonishes married men: "Let husbands remember that their wives are not made the toy of their dwellings. Are not the kindness and affection of husbands indispensable to their comfort? They are vital oil from the world's appliance! Are not the smiles and the sympathies of husbands the sunshine and the consolation. When you see them cold and still in the grave, let us remember that for years you have been thrown sunshine into the shade of their adornment, that your prayers and example have given them oil in the right training of your children."

Love or Children.—In the first days of affliction, words are but poor consolation. *Are we dumb* how bitter the cup of bereavement. Yet words even, from the lips of friends, contain the same debt we, as the little babe in the wounds, for there is a compassion that is not in words. Let us not attempt the weighty, thanking God that the first keenness of such agony is past, lasting, or can we should die under their affliction.

Ask Sensible Ladies to Send.—As it is commanded of God that all should sing, so all should make confession of hearing to sing, as it is a thing that cannot be done decently without learning. Then, therefore, who neglects to learn to sing, live in sin, as they neglect what is necessary to their attending ops of the ordinances of God.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

A PATRIOTIC DIRGE

BY E. S. ELLIOTT.

Were various strings, that smile or knew,
Imagination's lyre,
Were we, at the slightest wind here,
As in the land of lovers.
At times a sweet impart they were,
The angel of a spirit,
A sort of allegorize they since
To thoughts in time fled.

But oh! they came, and by chance,
In Fancy's wandering hour,
With wildest glow from sun enhance
The fervent stripes bear.
A magical color other does
In high print to be,
And let me tell you what did pass
The after night with me.

They met to me in the form of Peace,
Where, in the season of bail,
They met upon the Union's breast,
Who knew the Liberty bird.
The "Father of his Country" they
Was chosen to guide,—
Was chosen to guide,—
To form and dignified.

All as he went there, when more shall?
Had fired the lightning's path—
And he, when nations of the peace, as proud,
Till rouse the people's wrath
He with his mighty arm, from
From Montezuma's shore,
His grand arm the pioneer what to share—
A giant pair they made

Then "Union and Liberty" were,
And said, "Let rend rectified
For Union, Liberty and state groups—
Shall never be dissolved.
Cause no future pen will e'er avail
All ages with fire did give,
Nor Union's glorious constitution fail,
"It, now" cause—no!"

Like a royal race of ancient sound
From army mouse's grave,
Their Union's glorious banner found—
His life for Freedom gave.
From former times and from long
Entwined in nations low,
Their Union's glorious flag
That I said, mourning, "It's"

Bond, N. Y., 1861

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

THE WEST.

The West is settled with people of every latitude from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The New England States have largely sent the settlers, and Several New Yorker; the genial, careless Southerner, from the sunny and luxuriant climes of Dixie, and to the voice of the man of God, as he reads from the Scriptures, and prays, there is no consolation, but adds to their distress. All the father's ambition, all the mother's pride, all the sister's affection, all the brother's love, until sickness has united upon Willie's form, and death has claimed him.

In other years, when time has gathered much of dust, and some of scars, when the fresh flowers have faded, and other ties have wrung their hearts with a more bitter anguish, they will look back upon this dispensation of sorrow and of love,—but they cannot see it now, and many, many tears are shed before that time comes.

There is something sweet in the death of a child. We love to look upon the pallid brow of one that has passed on but we fail upon it. Life does not seem to be rent by such a force from being like that, as from the strong arm of manhood in the midst of the world. There may be doubtless there are times of sorrow and grief when the death of a child is the most altogether unpleasant; when we have grasped at the fleeting shadows of earthly hope and earthly pleasure, when the flowers we attempted to pluck have shot beyond our reach, and we have fallen back, baffled and heart-sick, and the tempting fruit has "turned to ashes upon our lips," and we have been compelled to look upon some fair idol fall at our approach,—a bride just meet at the bench, or a gifted seer, "a prophet mighty in deed and word before the people," or some sometimes seen the leaving behind us all beside, and the world is a heavy of sad. Yet by a merciful ordering of life with heavenly, even though there be such sorrows, there are always some of our number chosen from us before us on pathway, and we can look upon them as they pass on to the gold and the adamantine in the skies. We look upon our faithfully and we can follow them in our thoughts as they lie in the earthly embodiment at rest lasting, and sorrowful for and the sacred changes of life, only finish the pleasant memories of the past, and we can often claim those just when we pass them most, and we can look upon them, in love, and always in our hearts,—that nothing of earth is sure and abiding.

Yet we sometimes feel as if we could not be found the text of the change of worlds. I have seen the aged disciple falter when he came to the threshold, and the young man shrink from the cold embrace of death, whose confidence was unshaken in the sacred truth. Yet, when the hour of trial came, they passed the strong arm of God, they passed triumphantly to the land of immortality.

ALBA, Erie Co., N. Y., 1861

A Pioneer for Hogarth.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Jackson thus feelingly admonishes married men: "Let husbands remember that their wives are not made the toy of their dwellings. Are not the kindness and affection of husbands indispensable to their comfort? They are vital oil from the world's appliance! Are not the smiles and the sympathies of husbands the sunshine and the consolation. When you see them cold and still in the grave, let us remember that for years you have been thrown sunshine into the shade of their adornment, that your prayers and example have given them oil in the right training of your children."

Love of Children.—In the first days of affliction, words are but poor consolation. *Are we dumb* how bitter the cup of bereavement. Yet words even, from the lips of friends, contain the same debt we, as the little babe in the wounds, for there is a compassion that is not in words. Let us not attempt the weighty, thanking God that the first keenness of such agony is past, lasting, or can we should die under their affliction.

Ask Sensible Ladies to Send.—As it is commanded of God that all should sing, so all should make confession of hearing to sing, as it is a thing that cannot be done decently without learning. Then, therefore, who neglects to learn to sing, live in sin, as they neglect what is necessary to their attending ops of the ordinances of God.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

THE ANSWER.

BY MARGARET MERRY.

Would it Truth? O, quiet dreamer,
Can this seem it in the way?
Fearful the heart that is not seeming,
And is all thy plaint dreaming
Just like some wild-wood flower?

Ask it Truth? Tell me, O, wishful!
Searcher after Truth?
Have the secrets ever known it,
Or have they not been told?
Is the Law so shrill,—so the shame!

What is Truth? Tell me, O, Poet!
Master of the Lyre!
Is thy vary of wild accents,
Or but of wildest, starry flowers,
Are there treasure of Truth refined?

Columbia, S. C., 1861 ANSWER.

[Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

In imagination I see a garden, the garden of the heart. The Great Husbandman clothed that of Gardiners, while the plant of Lord's presence covered land of Paradise, in the midst of which expansive leaves, the Tree of Knowledge of Angels, see the dark leaves of Hate, were side by side with those of Love, the Mountains of Envy and Malice, and

The Educator.

SCHOOL MATTERS OF NEW YORK.

On the 31st ult., H. H. Van Dyck, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, submitted to the Legislature the following tables and abstracts, including the operations of the Common-School system of the State for the year ending December 15th, 1860. Many portions of this Report contain facts and figures of general interest, and we make such condensation as our space will permit:

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.—The whole number of reported school districts in the State, exclusive of cities, is 11,703, showing an increase of 56 during the past year. The average number of persons between the ages of 4 and 21 years, in each district, is 94.6. The average number between the ages of 5 and 16 years, in each district is 68. In the cities of this commission, the schools of the various villages are included, and treated as in the rural districts. In the city and district tables, the average attendance of pupils per month less than one hundred is not given.

SCHOOL HOUSES.—The number of school houses in the State is reported at 11,596, of which 11,276 are in the rural districts. This shows an increase over the number reported in 1859 of 78, which is within a small fraction, in addition to the increase in the aggregate number of school houses, many of the old structures have been superseded by new and more commodious buildings. How many have been thus erected within the past year, the returns do not indicate; but as a new school house is scarce ever built without a special call in the district, calling for the intervention of this department in some shape, there is indeed good reason to believe that a considerable number of districts are in the enjoyment of accommodations superior to those formerly possessed. The character of these structures is indicated as follows:

	Log.	Frame.	Brick.	Stone.	Total.
In the cities,					1,319
In the rural districts,	760	9,958	372	186	11,276
1860, total,	760	9,958	372	186	11,276
1859, total,	784	9,980	362	169	11,198

The expenditures during the past year for sites, building, fitting, purchasing, repairing, and insuring school houses, and for fuences, outhouses, furniture, &c., amounted to $1,027,612.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.—The number of persons in the State, between the ages of 4 and 21 years, is reported as follows:

	Males.	Fem.	Tot.
In 1860,	633,450	612,252	1,245,702
In 1859,	574,364	559,437	1,233,801
Increase,	59,086	52,815	59,901

The number of pupils attending the public schools in 1859 and 1860, is stated thus:

	1859.	1860.
In the cities,	125,000	128,000
In the rural districts,	676,651	688,229
Total,	801,651	816,229

Assuming the correctness of the enumeration and reports of attendance, as stated for the year 1860, it appears that, of the 912,443 persons of school age thus reported, 816,229 attended school during the last year, for a longer or shorter period. Of those attended not being in separate school to the gratification of the school commissioners, the returns in respect to their number, and the pupils in attendance, are highly satisfactory.

The reported number of children attending the public schools, in proportion to age, is as follows:

	1859.	1860.	1859.	1860.
10 months and over,	10,000	10,000	11,000	12,000
8 " and below 10,	49,977	50,729	54,559	57,921
6 " " 8,	97,000	98,000	107,000	107,000
4 " " 6,	124,000	125,000	136,000	141,000
Less than 4 months,	420,674	433,500	493,092	497,308
Total,	701,651	716,229	801,651	816,229

In regard to this subject, I repeat the observations made in my Annual Report from the Department, that "not much reliance can be placed on the correctness of the returns of attendance in the schools, either at this or any previous period." We are dependent for their reliability entirely on the records kept by teachers, and the confidence of trustees in transmitting them. In too many instances, these details of daily attendance are hopelessly mere scraps of paper—not sufficiently they are but altogether, or carefully enough kept for clear service as the basis of a safe bill—while the absence of actual visitation by trustees during the annual report of the district, is supplied by the "guesses" of intelligent trustees. The average time the school was taught in the year, exclusive of vacation, was 71 months.

TEACHERS EMPLOYED.—The teachers employed during the last two years, are thus classified:

	1859.	1860.
Males,	8,713	8,734
Females,	17,090	18,177
Totals	25,813	26,901

As many teachers are employed in more than one district during the year, the number above stated is probably considerably in excess of the true number of persons actually engaged in the best sense of teaching as found in the report of the number of teachers employed at the same time for six months,* or more. These are returned as follows:

	1859	1860
Males,	6,000	6,134
Females,	13,153	13,720
Totals	19,153	19,854

This may be fairly assumed as the number of teachers actually employed when all the schools are supplied. The returns clearly indicate that, so far as our common schools are concerned, the business of teaching is rapidly passing into the hands of females. I have no intentions to utter over this coincidence. While there are circumstances under which the services of a male teacher may be indispensable, it is still my opinion that, in most of our district schools, the presence of a well qualified female teacher will exercise in the moral and intellectual advancement of the pupils greater influence than they would obtain under the auspices of a majority of the best class of male teachers.

SCHOOL DISTRICT LIBRARIES.—The Superintendent calls the attention of the Legislature to the district libraries. He says that in some of the cities new and larger villages, where the are scarcely distinguishable in sufficiently large to keep the libraries in a prosperous condition by the purchase of recent publications, they are found scarcely a more desirable end. But concurrent testimony from nearly every quarter of the State represents the libraries in the rural districts as almost totally unused and rapidly deteriorating in value. The whole number of volumes reported the last year is 2,261,193, which in 1877,174 less than was reported in 1855, although $55,000 have been appropriated in each year since that period for library purposes. If the money devoted to this object were expended under the direction of some competent board, it would not only require the application to the purpose contemplated by the law, but would give to the multiple few times the number of volumes now received, and those of a valuable character.

The subjects have been laid before Boards, teachers and readers are worthy of their consideration. We shall resume the publication in our next Educational department.

"YOU ARE A STUPID BLOCKHEAD!"

Are you sure of that? Is it not just possible that the boy's instructor is the stupid one? Are you quite certain that your questions, or your explanations, are expressed in intelligible language? Have you taken so rapidly that none but the brightest scholars can comprehend the point? Have you put rather a forbidding face for fellow as that he cannot tell when he knows anything? Are you, in your anxiety to make him write promptly and brilliantly, embarrassing him so that his nervous centre is all astir? Have you ever thought to ask him why he failed so often? Have you ever heartily encouraged him, sympathized with him, made him feel that you were his friend? Have you ever earnestly tried to find the avenue to his heart and his head? Have you pondered thoughtfully, "After all, am I the stupid one?"

Ah, reader, did the boy by nature have a stupid blockhead." Is it his fault? Had he the making of his own temper? Was his mental constitution enough to have been born a blockhead without your capacity for reminding him of the disagreeable fact? Will your admonitions make him any brighter, or render him more intimate? Put yourself down in this boy's place, remember his feelings and his faults, and be more closely sound you think, how much more successful you would be in your teacher career. Can make a public announcement of your stupidity? Can you not see that you have been a little hasty in righteously indignant? What right, then, have you to outrage that scholar's feelings by your calling him a blockhead? Is it not possible that you have been, think you that you would utter such harsh words to your children? Are you conscious of a meanness, to use language in the future's absence which you would not use in their presence? Is it not your duty to remember that your responsibilities are great, to be respected, as much as you have? And when not his pursuits of knowledge, to be guarded with the most kindness and patience? Will you not do so, with this, with all letter words, assured that they do not help to promote the end?—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

INDIFFERENCE AND CAPTIOUSNESS.

Whatever the motives or operation of the community, our schools can never reach their high point of excellence until they have the co-operation of parents and founders to carry them. The pride and enthusiasm of society should be fully awakened, and every intelligent citizen, who has the welfare of the race, a spirit of emulation is aroused among the teachers, and new life and energy is infused into the rules and maintain the whole system.

Nothing more effectually kills off the public schools than complaint without investigation, and censorious criticism. Frequent and indiscriminate fault-finding denunciations can have little or no foundation in truth. Much of the clamor against the schools is the result of prejudice, and not the lesultsy of unwise and selfish minds. If parents instead of listening to the idle tales of children, would spend more time in the management, would visit the schools themselves, and become familiar with the modes of teaching, there [illegible] be fewer complaints. Parents should feel that a common school is a place of discipline and authority. That to enjoy its privileges, the strictest obedience to its rules is necessary for its successful management. If parents would encourage their children to respect the authoritiesrules of the pupil, why should they complain if the authorities of the society are employed by the boys made—*Memphis School Report.*

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS

The common school gives the key of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with much truth be said that the common school system of New York, when taught in finished, masterly manner—making, as it does, reading, writing, and arithmetic the first item, slightly, legible handwriting, and the strictest rules of arithmetic—are of more value than all the high schools and colleges in the land. It will be found on examination that the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, as a whole, distinguishes the masses of our nation. Like the humblest village school where pig go forth to their daily task, like Newton, who first taught boys with the stem of Orion's belt,—with Herschel, light up his lamp of science, and with Franklin, snatched the lightning.—*Edward Everett.*

DOCTORS ON ONE ANOTHER.—If you think long and deeply upon any subject, it grows in appearing magnitude and importance, and you think of it more. It may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all other subjects from the mind, and then your conversation will soon be thinking of, you may come to fancy that all the world is interested in it, and you will be vexed with the human race all will would go with it. I can conceive the process by which, without malice aforethought, else Newton, else Bell was brought to the state of Orwell's hell,—with Hemskirk, light up his lamp of science, and with Franklin, snatched the lightning.—*Edward Everett.*

DOCTORS ON ONE ANOTHER.—If you think long and deeply upon any subject, it grows in appearing magnitude and importance, and you think of it more. It may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all other subjects from the mind, and then your conversation will soon be thinking of, you may come to fancy that all the world is interested in it, and you will be vexed with the human race all will would go with it. I can conceive the process by which, without malice aforethought, else Newton, else Bell was brought to the state of Orwell's hell,—with Hemskirk, light up his lamp of science, and with Franklin, snatched the lightning.—*Edward Everett.*

NATURE AND FREE SPEECH.

Free society is progressionally one. The bonds of nations are not arbitrarily assigned; they are, in general, determined by fixed laws. A people lighted up in the sun of this Heaven, the conquer alike nations, and gather them all under the dragon flag, in despite of their essential dissevition. But this is a temporary countervailing of the laws of nature. It is the configuration of the earth's surface which determines the boundaries of nations. Greece was geographically one. So was Egypt, so is Italy, which is now at last struggling to attain its normal state. Spain, France, Great Britain, Germany, are all one, not by the will of men, but by physical laws which men can contravene only to their detriment or destruction. The immutable law of God, as expressed in nature, makes the territory assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent one entire. The most salubrious ranges run through the whole land. The great valley, beginning in Carolina and Tennessee, reaches to the borders of Canada. The broad Atlantic slope is one continuous plain. The immense basin of the Mississippi includes, as the bosom of a common mother, the States from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. The Ohio, the Missouri and the Mississippi, are arteries which carry the same living blood through the vast region through which they flow.

The country is thus physically one, and therefore its organic life is one. We cannot divide it without destroying its life. We cannot divide a river without producing two streams. The union of this country, therefore, is determined by the homogeneity of its people, by its history, and by its physical characters. It cannot be permanently dismembered. The attempts now in progress of many years will be a temporary separation, but the laws of nature will sooner or later assert their supremacy, and restore the common freedom, their temporary violation.—*Prince-ton Review.*

THE PLEASURE OF CONFIDENCE.—The London Builder says that a rubber's wife furnishes a better plan for the laying out of new cities than any which has yet been devised by surveyor and engineer. The man who can find a distinct and complete web unbroken, will not be beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage from any one point to another. The eccentric ridge runs and meanders, but gathers, the enhancing exquisitely regular and steadily.

The Young Ruralist.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Times never was a more telling time than the present to give a few facts regarding the adoption of our country's flag.—A flag that has floated proudest on the breeze of every land on every land.—A flag which the weakest nations of the earth have honored, and the strongest dared not insult.—A flag which has been instilled and triumphed in the dusty the citizen of our own land, over whose hands it has proudly waved for scores of years.

It was in January, 1776, when the Britain were in the hands of the American army at Cambridge, that Washington called the first American, or, as it was called, the Union flag. As shown in the engraving, it was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, symbolizing the thirteen united colonies. In one corner was the device of the British Union flag, composed of the crosses—the red cross of St.

George, which is a common cross, a horizontal red parallelogram bisecting the white field of St. Andrew, representing Scotland, which is in the form of X.

When General Howe was this flag with the Union device, he issued a proclamation that the American camp, he expressed great joy, for he regarded it as a token of friendship for England, and as evidence that the colonies were about to submit to the King had made necessity to the British Parliament was well received by the army, and a full satisfaction would soon be had.

About this time proclamation was authorized by the Congress of thirteen guns, and a salute was ordered to pay upon British merchant vessels, especially those entering the first American port.

Soon after these events a white field was added to the flag, and the number of stripes increased to thirteen, representing the thirteen united colonies, as they were known as the United States. This was the flag that was hoisted on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, and was the flag that was carried by the American army at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was the flag that was carried by the American army at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was the flag that was carried by the American army at

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Book for the Times.—C. W. Coulter.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees for Spring of 1861.—Ellwanger & Barry.
Wanted Agents.—Wm. S. Hinsdell.
Factory Cultivated Potatoes of Consistency and Novelty.—J. L. Russell.
Chester & Warren Insurance Family Secure Machines.—S. Wilson, Agent.
Wanted Agents.—Hall & Hinsdell.
Farm for Sale or to Let.—Thomas C. Peters.
Improved and Reliable Apiary Hives.—
Wanted Agents.—Wm. S. Hinsdell.
Agents Wanted.—J. Beach.
Agents Wanted.—Hall & Hinsdell.
Farm for Sale.—Thomas C. Peters.
Farm for Sale.—Wm. Wilson.

Notice to Subscribers.
Notice to Publishers.
Notice to Postmasters.
Notice to Publishers.
Notice to Postmasters.
Notice to Publishers.
Notice to Postmasters

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

One of the curious facts revealed by the publication of Custom House tables, is that there were imported into the country last year, 230,000 pounds of opium. Of this amount, it is estimated, from reliable data, that not more than one-tenth is used for medical purposes.

There are in France upwards of three hundred and sixty-one Republican newspapers, and but one hundred and twenty-nine Monarchical. Of the two Republican papers published in Paris, one is the oldest newspaper in the world, and the other is the most widely circulated.

The census in Northern Canada is longer than has been known for ten years past, and the extremely dry season of the winter. The Ottawa River, which left no Tuesday morning of last week, reached Rockcliffe on Friday evening; four days for what is commonly a run of four hours.

The American Flag in which the Boston petition to Congress was enclosed, was sent to the office of the Richmond Dispatch, with a request that it might hang in his office "as an emblem of good will from the Bay State to Old Virginia." The editor says it shall hang there whether Virginia stays in the Union or not.

Private letters from leading telegraph men, by the last mail from California, state that all the telegraph interests in California will be consolidated and a strong Company formed on the Pacific to co-operate with the Western Union on the Atlantic side, for the rapid development of the Pacific line under the recent Congressional grant.

The New Mexico mail from Fannin Creek, arrived on the 4th inst., bringing the first mail matter since the first fort Sept. The mail was compelled to travel part of the way in the past month. They were three days making six miles. Nothing had been heard at Fannin Creek of the murder of Major Van de Mark's baton mongsters, and the presumption is that if it were so they would have heard of it, as they are in weekly communication with Fort Union.

The Berkshire Woolen Company of Great Barrington, Mass., was entitled in 1859 the first in reference to giving a quarter's vacation every year to its operatives under liberal pay. The plan has been it discharged this year at the 20th ult., numbering nearly one-third of the help, and their places will be filled by other people who have been thrown out of employment on that section. The object of the law is to defend as much as possible to labor by children, of a peculiar age.

Dr. Rev. Thomas Murray, D. D., since widely known as "Elevus," died at his residence in Elizabethtown, N. J., Feb. 8th, in the 69th year of his age. He was a native of Ireland, of Roman Catholic parentage, but came to America when a boy, and was early converted to the Protestant religion. He graduated at William College in 1815, studied theology at Princeton, and subsequently was engaged in the ministry of the American Tract Society. He was first settled in the ministry at Wyoming County, and afterwards at Kingston, Pa., his third call was to Elizabethtown, where he remained until 1851. Dr. Murray was a man of fine abilities, which were more completely developed before the world in the "Elevus" controversy than at any other time.

Figures in Stocks under the following comparison of the Census returns—and that of 1850:

Stocks.	Pop. in 1860.	Pop. in 1850.
Connecticut	460,147	370,792
Massachusetts	994,514	994,514
New York	3,851,563	3,097,394
Pennsylvania	2,338,905	2,311,786
New Jersey	672,035	489,555
Ohio	1,739,525	1,980,329
Indiana	1,350,428	988,416
Georgia	906,185	1,057,327
Maryland	687,049	583,034
Virginia	1,543,561	1,596,318
Iowa	192,214	674,913
Illinois	1,711,951	1,711,951
Michigan	749,113	749,113
Wisconsin	775,881	775,881

Wool of the U. S. Mint.—The total coinage of the United States Mint and branches from 1793 to June 30, 1859, has been as follows—Gold, $103,440,-488,80; silver, $126,125,87; copper and nickel, $2,645,981,00. Grand total, $232,205,805,72. The whole number of pieces coined was 271,691,407.

Coffee in Nicaragua.—Major John P. Heiss, formerly of Tennessee, and more recently of Washington, has returned to Nicaragua to settle there permanently. He satisfied is he with the coffee-raising experiments of Costa Rica, the high and healthy interior lands of that region, that it was his purpose immediately to get his land secured under cultivation for that staple. There is no longer any doubt that large districts of Central America are well adapted to the cultivation of coffee, and that the whole land is now open from the coasts and river bottoms, are as healthy and salubrious as they are rich and fertile.

Dr. John Warrfield Francis, M. D. LL. D., died on Saturday morning in New York, in the 75d year of his age. He had been suffering for a long time from a very painful disease—carbuncle on his back. Dr. Francis was born in New York in 1789, and was the son of a German, who came to this country in 1783. He graduated at Columbia College in 1809, and was a pupil, and subsequently a partner of Dr. Hosack in 1811; he received the first degree conferred by the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1811 he was made lecturer in Materia Medica in the last named College. Subsequently he has been Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in Rutgers Medical College, Professor of obstetrics and forensic medicine, resident physician of the city, President of the New York Academy of Medicine. He was, besides, an officer or member of many learned societies.

State Insane Asylum.—The Board of Trustees of the New York Insane Asylum met in New York last on the 8th inst. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year—John W. Francis, M. D., LL. D., of New York, President; Hon. W. T. McCoun of Long Island, Vice-President; Hon. Josiah B. Williams of Ithaca, second Vice-President; J. H. Beadman, of New York, Treasurer; J. Edward Jarvis, of New York, Corresponding Secretary; T. Jefferson Gardner, of New York, Register. The application for admission number 6,126; and they have been made from every State in the Union, and from every county in this State. The Asylum, which will accommodate 600 patients, will be ready for occupancy in the fall. The funds of the Institution have been contributed by almost every town and village in the State, and the services of agents, officers and trustees have been gratuitously rendered. The Board adopted a resolution appointing Thomas W. Olcott, Thomas C. Brownell and J. P. Tabor, a committee to wait upon the Legislature the passage of a bill authorizing the institution to issue bonds, based upon their lands, to the amount of $50,000.

Improved Method of Tanning.—It is the pretty general opinion of those who wear boots that leather is not as good as it used to be in old times, when men were honest—that it is deficient in strength and durability. We cannot say how well founded is that opinion, but our regret is that that class of Fellows, so talented favorably some call-skins, sheepskins with the wool on, moleskin skins, &c., exhibited by E. B. Haskell, at this city, that appeared to us to be remarkably strong and tough, and entirely destitute of that smell peculiar to skins tanned with the bark in the old process. The Comptonian Process will present with the system of tanning that is asserted for. It is silver-tanned and a dipteous. Since last time we have had a visit from a tanner to this new process of tanning, and find that the skins are generally cured in from 20 to 30 days, and without the use of bark or injurious chemicals. The material used in tanning and can be grown from seed by any farmer whose corn will succeed. Hides tanned by this method may be worked, and when dyed do not become hard, but are as soft and pliable as when green. The leather is remarkably tough, and is never salty and from a shoemaker's point is so strong that it is impossible to break it by hand.

The Publisher to the Public.

Digital Advertising on Cards.—A Western Agent, in soliciting an advertisement for this paper—"If anything simple, scientific, and practical will do it, the Rural New-Yorker will. You, or any other friend after forming a wish for this volume, will be pleased to know that it is published weekly at $3 a year or club rate—$2 cash from three, three, or any number over three at one post office. Specimens are sent gratis to any one—and we will be pleased to receive a letter from you or any other Rural Processing for additional new claims, between the 1st and 15th."

Up-Town Rural Publication.—If those entering the Rural would write all names, Post Offices, and States plainly, and distinctly, we should receive less and say about other people's bad writing. We have had a number of letters of late in which such agents complain we are attributable to any one in the Rural Office, and we have to say that there is no person in any place, or in any State, or in the country at large who can write worse than we can, and we have to put up with it as well as others.

Up The Rural we Publish—On all correct Rural Clubs of 2, 3, 4 and 5 subscribers, we allow 25 cents each. Those who act as agents and other friends will please mail New York, Rochester or Chicago funds on current banks. Postage Stamps can be sent better for fractional parts of a dollar. For all sums over 5 dollars, we pay Exchange. Drafts on New York, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, free of charge. Drafts on Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, and all the principal cities throughout the Union, 25 cents Protection fee, will usually be collected on these drafts by the banks on which they are drawn.

Up-On Sending Postage and Prepaying Fee.—In April we shall make—"Up to date" Rural Clubs, and they will end the first of April." Answer—Just as our friends prefer. We will however do as they request—if we have no directions we remit as to the books or extra Rural we send, and when we have to pay 25 cts. for the subscription we send the paper over the right name, as ordered—not within the post to stop the paper. We have to pay postage on every paper we send out, and when we have to pay 25 cts. for the subscription we have to send on their address in order to receive it. Up-Those who may desire to have the paper sent to a friend for a time (as a specimen number) would oblige us by giving the name of the friend to whom the Rural Volume for 1861 and to receive every number without interruption. Rather than fail we'll send all who will answer to their true letters April one extra number gratuitously.

Up-Those who have not received the Rural Clubs for the Rural New Yorker for 1861 and to receive every number without interruption. Rather than fail we'll send all who will answer to their true letters April one extra number gratuitously.

Up-Those who have not received the Rural Clubs for the Rural New Yorker for 1861 and to receive every number without interruption. Rather than fail we'll send all who will answer to their true letters April one extra number gratuitously.

Up-Those who have not received the Rural Clubs for the Rural New Yorker for 1861 and to receive every number without interruption. Rather than fail we'll send all who will answer to their true letters April one extra number gratuitously.

Special Notices.

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

And others who make a free use of the vocal organs. *From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., in New York Independent.* "Brethren"—I consider your lozenges an excellent article for the throat, and recommend their use to Public Speakers.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Saturday, Feb. 16, 1861.

Flour.—Such sales were reported last week as to warrant a quotation within the 25 cts of our quotation table. There is very little inquiry for shipment, and prices are nominal.

Provisions.—Dressed Hogs have declined owing to the warm weather, and the receipts have been quite large for the season. Other articles are unchanged from our last quotations.

Seeds.—Red Butter sweet, from 10@10c, as to quality—Choice is eligible more.

Fruits and Roots.—Green Apples have not yet made their appearance in this market, but the trade indicates that prices have advanced and range from 50@60c, as to quality.

Potatoes.—Sales are reported at 40@45c, and we quote the figures of our "Table" on Thursday, but most, but it could not be ascertained that any sales were made at those prices, and the nominal price would be 40@45 cents per bushel. There is but little movement in market.

Hay and Straw.—Hay is scarce, and we are pleased at $19.00 for superior. The probabilities are that the latter figures will be realized before the end of the season.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour, winter wheat, $5.00@5.50		Honey, box	10@12c
Flour, spring wheat	4.50@5.00	Honey, new	10@12c
Flour, buckwheat	2.50@3.00	Hops	10@12c
Meal, Indian	2.00@2.25	Hides, slaughter	5@6c
Meal, Indian, bolted	2.50@2.75	Hides, calf	6@7c
Grain and Seeds.		Hides, kip	5@6c
Wheat, white	1.30@1.35	Hides, cured	5@6c
Wheat, red	1.25@1.30	Hides, green	4@5c
Corn, old	60@62c	Calfskins, dry	12@14c
Corn, new	50@55c	Calfskins, green	10@12c
Barley	60@65c	Sheepskins	50@75c
Oats	30@32c	Tallow, rough	3@4c
Beans, white	1.75@2.00	Tallow, rendered	7@8c
Beans, colored	1.50@1.75	Lard	8@9c
Peas	75@80c	Wool, fine	30@35c
Buckwheat	50@55c	Wool, coarse	25@30c
Provisions.		Wool, unwashed	20@25c
Pork, Mess	$16.00@18.00	Wool, pulled	30@35c
Pork, clear	14.00@15.00	Coal, Lehigh	$6.00
Pork, cwt.	4.00@5.00	Coal, Scranton	5.00
Beef, cwt.	4.00@5.00	Coal, Pittston	5.00
Spring Lambs	6@7c	Coal, Shamokin	5.00
Mutton, carcass	6@7c	Coal, Bituminous	4.00
Veal, dressed	6@7c	Wood, hard	$4.00@5.00
Chickens	6@7c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.50
Fowls	6@7c	Wood, kindling	1.50@2.00
Turkeys	8@9c	Wood, hickory	5.00@6.00
Geese	6@7c	Wood, sawed	5.00@6.00
Butter, roll	18@20c	Wood, delivered	6.00@7.00
Butter, firkin	16@18c	Vegetables.	
Butter, tub	14@16c	Potatoes	40@45c
Cheese	10@11c	Onions	50@60c
Eggs	15@16c	Turnips	25@30c
Apples, dried	3@4c	Beets	25@30c
Apples, green	50@60c	Carrots	25@30c
Peaches, dried	10@12c	Parsnips	25@30c
Cherries, dried	10@12c	Cabbage	3@4c
Plums, dried	10@12c	Squash	1c
Cranberries	10@12c	Pumpkins	1c

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 14.—Flour is more active and 5@10 cents higher. Shippers are now buying to a limited extent, and the sales to-day reached about 10,000 bbls, including 5,000 bbls Ohio at $5.30@5.40 for common to good extra; 5,000 bbls Michigan at $5.30@5.40 for super Southern; $5,000 bbls at $5.30@5.40 for common to good extra Genesee; 2,000 bbls Canada at $5.30@5.40 for common to good extra; 1,000 bbls Brandywine

FIFTY AND FIFTEEN.

When genial gloom the day was dowsing,
Some lingering stars were seen;
When smoke the farther pole behind us—
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high topped chaise and old gray pony
Fared wading in the sea;
Into our father stepped the white-head,
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars were safely laid to heaven,
The night lay in bed asleep,
And sleep of mind and oneness of oneness
Along the bridge lay.

That more she feels, they surely never
So fair an aspect wore;
And never true the purple clover
Smelt sweeter than before.

Over little and low meadow valleys,
And through by wash through,
I sang my singlest songs, familiar,
That to a night sing there best.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,—
No shadow more between;
Two children, busy with their leisure,
He fifty, I fifteen.

* * * * *

As on my couch in languor, lonely,
I muse beguiling fights,
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
That far removed time.

The slow pond years have brought and changes
That now are all the between,
And now, I think, we yours are fifty,
And his, in heaven, fifteen.

Atlantic Monthly.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MAGIC.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

"Open, Sesame! and the rock is opened."

THANKSGIVING MORNING in New England! Not much a-kin, I confess, to the morning of Thanksgiving even on floral days, when the heaven casts his face on the cold, and the cold, but everywhere, on every thing, a deep, pure covering of snow; almost knee-high, save here and there where the little brooks and springs have left marked curious patterns with their tiny feet, or some farmer had gone with long sticks from the kitchen door to the barn, to make down for hay for the cattle. Before sunrise the snow clung in damp masses to the leafless branch, turning the trees on the maples and oaks but to the long red rays grew warmer. It fell off in little avalanches, for the green branches sprang up with a little tone of relief, while the softer trees drooped their branches—some, indeed, as dust the ground beneath them without any of the snow—creeping in a delightful path of snow-flowers. Blue smoke curled lazily up from each wavy chimney—now, down, and at every gust and many a window, rosy faces pressed against the frosty panes, while warm hands and feet were thrust together to clear a big place, where the eager eyes might look out. Here was the glimpse of Thanksgiving day.

Many thought, as he looked up from his newspaper to bid the other Massachusetts good morning, he glanced around the cheerful breakfast room. The little French clock upon the mantel chimed out its silvery call. The breakfast bell rang vigorously at the foot of the stairs, and in a moment more two curly heads darted in at the door, leaving it wide open behind them, in the eager race to see who would be first to bid father good morning. It was hard to tell who was, since both shouted together at the top of their voices; but in the meeting the quick Massachusetts had shut the door in her own gentle way. Mrs. Newman met the two, which the hurrying feet had disturbed, and while her father was looking fondly into their saucy faces, her chilled fingers had untied Fanny's refractory collar, and pulled Jenny's sunbonnet out of her sparse pocket, where she had hidden it in her haste.

It was among Massachusetts who did such things for everybody, but they were all so used to her carefulness that they hardly thought about it. *Is not Margaret's way*," her father said; "we have never thought about her, for she always did just the right thing at the right time."

The family were all spoken, as they seated themselves at the table. They were all happy, and yet it seemed hard to say it that Thanksgiving morning. For there was but a time, only a few years before, when they would still have been waiting for their lady. Waiting to hear a slow, soft step upon the stair, and to see a pale, delicate face, with a sweet, sweet good morning for all. Waiting to see a little child, a golden-haired, dancing thing, come tottering in with the full-spoken words and winsome ways of childhood. There was a vacant place at the table, and a little empty chair in the corner, that seemed to be always waiting now; but they never came. They never would come any more; so still an hushedness glides between the door, and a half sigh, Mr. Newman turned to the beautifully laden table.

"We certainly have a great deal to be thankful for," said he, more cheerfully, as he looked around the tender eyes, overflowing with love and sympathy, as he brought a last tear to the thought that had prompted her father's sigh, and then at the merry children, too full of unusual glee to dream of such a thing as sorrow.

"Father," said little Jenny, "why don't you tell me what part of the chicken I *prefer*, you know you always do."

"So I will, Jenny," said Mr. Newman, smiling, "now what do you choose?"

"Oh, I prefer one part just as well as another," said Jenny, gravely, "only I should like the wish bone, if it was please."

"Here is a fat one," said her father, "only you must promise to break it with me."

"Must I tell you what I wish about?"

"Not unless you like."

"Mamma," said the little maiden, "do people ever wish more than one wish in a wish-bone?"

"I don't know," said Mamma Margaret, "I should think you could if you chose?"

"How many, Mamma,—should you think there would be too many?" and Jenny's round eyes looked very anxiously in her mother's face.

"No; I think there would do very well."

"Well, then father, I'm ready to pull now. You see I want three things so much I don't know which to choose, so I shall wish them all;" and the child grasped the bone very tightly with her pretty little fingers, and prepared for a desperate pull. The bone was not dry enough to snap, but, after a great deal of twisting, it broke, to Jenny's great delight, having had the singlest piece in her hand."

"Thank you, Miss Margaret," said he, trying to smile, "it will be a great treat to them." Then going back to his brother to aid sheepishly. "We are glad, back-to-bring girls, aren't we, Jack? I think you and our children are a great deal more to us than if we had three things to set our hearts on. I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own."

"Margaret," said Fred, at last, looking back in his chair, "what time shall we have dinner at grandpa's?"

"About two or three o'clock, I presume," said Margaret, not quite understanding the drift of the question.

"Do you think I shall be hungry again by that time," queried Fred, folding his hands in a very significant manner over his plate, and looking sleepingly at his sister.

"Judging from all past experience, I think you will," replied Margaret, laughing.

"By the way, Margaret," said Mr. Newman, suddenly, "I suppose you attended to the packages that Jenny brought from town last night."

"He herself nothing had the books and paper."

"Nothing! are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, for I stood at the door as he drove up, and took them from his hands. I asked if there was anything else, and he said, 'nothing more,' then I told him to turn around, and Mr. Newman, impudently, that fellow does not pay our parties of attention to my orders. I shall dismiss him the first chance I get, and fill the city for some fool who will take the trouble to try to manage such a useless. He has been here too long—let me see! it is two years, I believe."

"Only four, father," said Margaret, with a pleased tap look in her eyes.

"Only four, I remember distinctly. It was the year I sold the old Heath place."

"Then you remember before Queen died," said Margaret, with a little trouble in her voice. "I don't know how she would feel to hear you say that. I know how she would hold out her hands and say, 'Father, father!' and how she would look, and how she turned her up and down the parlor walk! We always called you father, you remember, and I suppose you always will, unless I prevent you."

Oh, words fitly spoken! as the very tenderness of the dead love lingered in the tones of the speaker, the father's heart was touched, and he listened in silence, and sighed as he finished.

"Yes, Margaret. Jenny is a good child, and fellow as little as I can help it. I shall dismiss him the first office girl."

"Father, at the moment, the—goodness!—fellow" incts his appearance at the door, and she hastily changed the subject to a long enquiry about the children, who from his heavy boots, came in. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he was unconscious of the effect when his breath had frozen upon them, and the heat of the room to bring enquiries of his welfare upon his face. As his hands he bore several large packages, which he handed to Mr. Newman with an awkward bow.

"I hope you did not leave them in the sleigh all night, Jones," said Mr. Newman, in a kindly tone.

"No Squire," said Jones, holding his hands before the fire, "I put them in the house when I got home, till I got them home last night. You see I had a little business to attend to, and I'm scarcely myself to-day, fail. I felt powerful bad about it, so I just got up early this morning, and hitched up the black mare, and went down after the things."

"And you took that long, cold ride while we were all asleep," said Mr. Newman, with a feeling of compassion that he thought of his many hands. "I declare it was too bad."

"Oh, the—the—thought of 'count about me, Squire. Might it will cure me of being sick, I reckon. I'm used to it, you know, so it was just as well be up—better than a man would go crazy. I would have done anything to let this short trouble. Jones looked grateful as he said this, and moved as he talking more to himself than any one else.

"Oh, you she's well," said John, "and the children too. I wanted it to be known to-day, but I'm not sure there's more things than sickness. Pa is getting 'cranky' and he could be dropped his voice again, and looked into the fire as if he would not have confidence there. In a moment more he went on, addressing Mr. Newman, in a louder tone.

"May be you didn't know, Miss, about my little girl, Jones, that died last fall. I'm sure I told you when the doctor called 'em, never long easy or other. The last week seemed to long to mention, for never world come out of it; and my poor wife was broken up entirely, and people said she didn't live. The Doctor spoke up kind of encouraging like, *I'll pray for that, we're, she'd a great deal better die!*

"We didn't think much about it then, for we were so glad when the fever stage spread her eyes and smiled again. But a few days afterwards, when I was looking for my things, I thought about, and the clothes and woods and wandered until he meant. I've never been the heard her, and I've wanted and the child ever since, and I've come to know what he meant, and I'm glad it is true, and that my little girl will be in his great western tippet as if it clothed him. But could not say double and choked down the lump in his throat.

Jones stood looking at him with her black eyes full of tears of pity for the sorrow she could not of compassion. Mr. Newman paced the room and to his lips; but Margaret, with more composure her face than would speak, went up to him to not bowed over, and laying her hand on his should said pityingly.

"Oh, dear! is he not bad as that?"

"Just as bad as that, Miss," said Jones, and, relieving himself for another word, he picked up a cup from the floor, pulled it down over his eyes, and went hastily out.

"Step a moment, Jones," said Margaret, stepping into the hall after him, "have we some cake and wine that I made for a little Thanksgiving feast for your children," and she put the basket into his hand.

"Thank you, Miss Margaret," said he, trying to smile, "it will be a great treat to them." Then going back to his brother to aid sheepishly. "We are glad, back-to-bring girls, aren't we, Jack? I think you and our children are a great deal more to us than if we had three things to set our hearts on. I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own."

"Margaret," said Fred, at last, looking back in his chair, "what time shall we have dinner at grandpa's?"

"About two or three o'clock, I presume," said Margaret, not quite understanding the drift of the question.

"Do you think I shall be hungry again by that time," queried Fred, folding his hands in a very significant manner over his plate, and looking sleepingly at his sister.

"Judging from all past experience, I think you will," replied Margaret, laughing.

"By the way, Margaret," said Mr. Newman, suddenly, "I suppose you attended to the packages that Jenny brought from town last night."

"He herself nothing had the books and paper."

"Nothing! are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, for I stood at the door as he drove up, and took them from his hands. I asked if there was anything else, and he said, 'nothing more,' then I told him to turn around, said Mr. Newman, impudently, that fellow does not pay our parties of attention to my orders. I shall dismiss him the first chance I get, and fill the city for some fool who will take the trouble to try to manage such a useless. He has been here too long—let me see! it is two years, I believe."

"Only four, father," said Margaret, with a pleased tap look in her eyes.

"Only four, I remember distinctly. It was the year I sold the old Heath place."

"Then you remember before Queen died," said Margaret, with a little trouble in her voice. "I don't know how she would feel to hear you say that. I know how she would hold out her hands and say, 'Father, father!' and how she would look, and how she turned her up and down the parlor walk! We always called you father, you remember, and I suppose you always will, unless I prevent you."

Oh, words fitly spoken! as the very tenderness of the dead love lingered in the tones of the speaker, the father's heart was touched, and he listened in silence, and sighed as he finished.

"Yes, Margaret. Jenny is a good child, and fellow as little as I can help it. I shall dismiss him the first office girl."

"Father, at the moment, the—goodness!—fellow" incts his appearance at the door, and she hastily changed the subject to a long enquiry about the children, who from his heavy boots, came in. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he was unconscious of the effect when his breath had frozen upon them, and the heat of the room to bring enquiries of his welfare upon his face. As his hands he bore several large packages, which he handed to Mr. Newman with an awkward bow.

"I hope you did not leave them in the sleigh all night, Jones," said Mr. Newman, in a kindly tone.

"No Squire," said Jones, holding his hands before the fire, "I put them in the house when I got home, till I got them home last night. You see I had a little business to attend to, and I'm scarcely myself to-day, fail. I felt powerful bad about it, so I just got up early this morning, and hitched up the black mare, and went down after the things."

"And you took that long, cold ride while we were all asleep," said Mr. Newman, with a feeling of compassion that he thought of his many hands. "I declare it was too bad."

"Oh, the—the—thought of 'count about me, Squire. Might it will cure me of being sick, I reckon. I'm used to it, you know, so it was just as well be up—better than a man would go crazy. I would have done anything to let this short trouble. Jones looked grateful as he said this, and moved as he talking more to himself than any one else.

"Oh, you she's well," said John, "and the children too. I wanted it to be known to-day, but I'm not sure there's more things than sickness. Pa is getting 'cranky' and he could be dropped his voice again, and looked into the fire as if he would not have confidence there. In a moment more he went on, addressing Mr. Newman, in a louder tone.

"May be you didn't know, Miss, about my little girl, Jones, that died last fall. I'm sure I told you when the doctor called 'em, never long easy or other. The last week seemed to long to mention, for never world came out of it; and my poor wife was broken up entirely, and people said she didn't live. The Doctor spoke up kind of encouraging like, *I'll pray for that, we're, she'd a great deal better die!*

"We didn't think much about it then, for we were so glad when the fever stage spread her eyes and smiled again. But a few days afterwards, when I was looking for my things, I thought about, and the woods and wandered until he meant. I've never been the heard her, and I've wanted and the child ever since, and I've come to know what he meant, and I'm glad it is true, and that my little girl will be in his great western tippet as if it clothed him. But could not say double and choked down the lump in his throat.

Jones stood looking at him with her black eyes full of tears of pity for the sorrow she could not of compassion. Mr. Newman paced the room and to his lips; but Margaret, with more composure her face than would speak, went up to him to not bowed over, and laying her hand on his should said pityingly.

"Oh, dear! is he not bad as that?"

"Just as bad as that, Miss," said Jones, and, relieving himself for another word, he picked up a cup from the floor, pulled it down over his eyes, and went hastily out.

"Step a moment, Jones," said Margaret, stepping into the hall after him, "have we some cake and wine that I made for a little Thanksgiving feast for your children," and she put the basket into his hand.

"Thank you, Miss Margaret," said he, trying to smile, "it will be a great treat to them." Then going back to his brother to aid sheepishly. "We are glad, back-to-bring girls, aren't we, Jack? I think you and our children are a great deal more to us than if we had three things to set our hearts on. I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own." I should pity, all when they have their own."

"Margaret," said Fred, at last, looking back in his chair, "what time shall we have dinner at grandpa's?"

"About two or three o'clock, I presume," said Margaret, not quite understanding the drift of the question.

"Do you think I shall be hungry again by that time," queried Fred, folding his hands in a very significant manner over his plate, and looking sleepingly at his sister.

"Judging from all past experience, I think you will," replied Margaret, laughing.

"By the way, Margaret," said Mr. Newman, suddenly, "I suppose you attended to the packages that Jenny brought from town last night."

"He herself nothing had the books and paper."

"Nothing! are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, for I stood at the door as he drove up, and took them from his hands. I asked if there was anything else, and he said, 'nothing more,' then I told him to turn around, said Mr. Newman, impudently, that fellow does not pay our parties of attention to my orders. I shall dismiss him the first chance I get, and fill the city for some fool who will take the trouble to try to manage such a useless. He has been here too long—let me see! it is two years, I believe."

"Only four, father," said Margaret, with a pleased tap look in her eyes.

"Only four, I remember distinctly. It was the year I sold the old Heath place."

"Then you remember before Queen died," said Margaret, with a little trouble in her voice. "I don't know how she would feel to hear you say that. I know how she would hold out her hands and say, 'Father, father!' and how she would look, and how she turned her up and down the parlor walk! We always called you father, you remember, and I suppose you always will, unless I prevent you."

Oh, words fitly spoken! as the very tenderness of the dead love lingered in the tones of the speaker, the father's heart was touched, and he listened in silence, and sighed as he finished.

"Yes, Margaret. Jenny is a good child, and fellow as little as I can help it. I shall dismiss him the first office girl."

"Father, at the moment, the—goodness!—fellow" incts his appearance at the door, and she hastily changed the subject to a long enquiry about the children, who from his heavy boots, came in. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he was unconscious of the effect when his breath had frozen upon them, and the heat of the room to bring enquiries of his welfare upon his face. As his hands he bore several large packages, which he handed to Mr. Newman with an awkward bow.

"I hope you did not leave them in the sleigh all night, Jones," said Mr. Newman, in a kindly tone.

"No Squire," said Jones, holding his hands before the fire, "I put them in the house when I got home, till I got them home last night. You see I had a little business to attend to, and I'm scarcely myself to-day, fail. I felt powerful bad about it, so I just got up early this morning, and hitched up the black mare, and went down after the things."

"And you took that long, cold ride while we were all asleep," said Mr. Newman, with a feeling of compassion that he thought of his many hands. "I declare it was too bad."

"Oh, the—the—thought of 'count about me, Squire. Might it will cure me of being sick, I reckon. I'm used to it, you know, so it was just as well be up—better than a man would go crazy. I would have done anything to let this short trouble. Jones looked grateful as he said this, and moved as he talking more to himself than any one else.

"Oh, you she's well," said John, "and the children too. I wanted it to be known to-day, but I'm not sure there's more things than sickness. Pa is getting 'cranky' and he could be dropped his voice again, and looked into the fire as if he would not have confidence there. In a moment more he went on, addressing Mr. Newman, in a louder tone.

"May be you didn't know, Miss, about my little girl, Jones, that died last fall. I'm sure I told you when the doctor called 'em, never long easy or other. The last week seemed to long to mention, for never world came out of it; and my poor wife was broken up entirely, and people said she didn't live. The Doctor spoke up kind of encouraging like, *I'll pray for that, we're, she'd a great deal better die!*

"We didn't think much about it then, for we were so glad when the fever stage spread her eyes and smiled again. But a few days afterwards, when I was looking for my things, I thought about, and the woods and wandered until he meant. I've never been the heard her, and I've wanted and the child ever since, and I've come to know what he meant, and I'm glad it is true, and that my little girl will be in his great western tippet as if it clothed him. But could not say double and choked down the lump in his throat.

Jones stood looking at him with her black eyes full of tears of pity for the sorrow she could not of compassion. Mr. Newman paced the room and to his lips; but Margaret, with more composure her face than would speak, went up to him to not bowed over, and laying her hand on his should said pityingly.

"Oh, dear! is he not bad as that?"

"Just as bad as that, Miss," said Jones, and, relieving himself for another word, he picked up a cup from the floor, pulled it down over his eyes, and went hastily out.

"Step a moment, Jones," said Margaret, stepping into the hall after him, "have we some cake and wine that I made for a little Thanksgiving feast for your children," and she put the basket into his hand.

Wit and Humor.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A REPLY TO THE WISE.

A sage of soldiers free was walking out,
He met a chariot in contemplative thought,
Young sons and daughters by it were,
Thoughtless that he was treading earthly ground
Such as he knew not their lofty vision made,
He knew not how to look at him.
By times, as age, and by the world, they
Did not know, nor to the thing he say
Thoughtless was struggling in the filthy pool,
Such as he knew not how to look at him.
He knew not how to look at him.
Followed the world, and proved age
Now to the sage, in playful mood, she said,
For to anybody here is said that with his head
Was "mount the stars, he felt the earth was proud
—Thomasville N. Y. 1865

H. H. J.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1 was sold in the Latin alphabet.

My 2, 13 was written himself by Jupiter into a white heifer.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 was the name of Virgil's dog.

My 8, 23, was a small island in the Ægean Sea.

My 9, 15, 16, 14, 6 were the followers of the great Druidess.

My 9, 15, 16, 14, 6, 16 was the hero of Virgil's Epic.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 was the name of a river.

My 9, 23, 22, 25, 23, 24 was the great hero of Troy.

My 17, 18, 19, 11 received his knowledge of medicine from Apollo.

My 20, 21, 22, 23 offered the "Helmets of Carthage."

My 21 was a letter of the Greek alphabet.

My 22, 23, 24, 25, 1, 2, 3 was one of the Seven Sages of Greece.

My 23, 24, 25, 1, 2, 3 was a river.

My 23, 24, 25, 1, 2, 3 was a river.

My 23, 24, 25, 1, 2, 3 was a river